

Puck

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WARMING UP A SURE WINNER.

JOHN BULL.—Good 'evens! Hif that there filly is goin' to start, hit 'll go 'ard with *my* 'orse!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A DOUBLE BETRAYAL.

SIX YEARS and a half ago, in December of 1887, President Cleveland began his annual message to the Congress of the United States thus:

"You are confronted at the threshold of your legislative duties with a condition of the national finances which imperatively demands immediate and careful consideration."

"The amount of money annually exacted, through the operation of present laws, from the industries and necessities of the people, largely exceeds the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the Government."

The condition thus presented for the consideration of Congress was caused by years of Republican management of national affairs. Since that time these things have happened: The Republicans have been restored to power, and have passed a bill raising instead of lowering the customs duties, which bill was signed by a Republican president. During this period of Republican legislative and administrative power, the surplus of national funds, which seemed to President Cleveland dangerously large, has been utterly wiped out. And now a deficit exists, and the Democrats have been restored to power; and they are at present discussing in Congress the question of raising the necessary revenues of the government by means of a scheme of tariff taxation so like that which their Republican predecessors got up that it takes an expert to tell them apart.

There is the situation. Now let us try to get at the common-sense of it. No doubt President Cleveland was right when he said that the surplus was too large, and that it was unjust to collect from the people a greater tax than the government needed. Nor can there be any doubt that the Republicans were logical in their contention that if their scheme of protection had made the prosperity of the country, more protection would make more prosperity. But within these six and a half years the Republicans have succeeded conclusively in proving that the financial policy which produced a burdensome surplus can also produce a troublesome deficit; and the Democrats have conclusively proved—that is, so far as their representatives in Congress are concerned—that whatever faith they may have in their theories, they have not the courage of their convictions, and dare not take the means they promised to take for the relief of an over-taxed people. And there is the plain fact of the matter. The representatives of both parties in Congress have betrayed their con-

stituents, played ducks and drakes with the people's money, and violated the trust that has in each instance been expressly imposed on them. There may be doubt, at times, why one party is successful and another unsuccessful; but there can be no doubt that the Republican party was put in office in 1888 for the purpose of supporting the protectionist theory for the benefit of the people; or that the Democratic party was put in power in 1892 for the purpose of supporting the theory of a tariff for revenue only, likewise for the benefit of the people—and there can be no doubt that both parties have disregarded their obligations to the people.

To us it seems clear that this experience demonstrates two things: first, that the protective theory disproves itself when, under Republican management, it shows a surplus at the end of one administration, and a deficit at the end of another—unless we are to hold the Republicans convicted of gross extravagance. Second, that the Democratic representatives in Congress have shown themselves totally incapable of carrying out the principles which they avowed and professed when they were elected to office. Surplus and deficit alike have proven that, as a financial theory, the protectionist scheme is an absurdity. That President Cleveland's belief, that a tariff for revenue only would best help the country, has not yet been put to practical test is due entirely to the supineness, the weakness and the cowardice of the Democrats in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. That the one proposition is wrong is proven; that the right or wrong of the other is not proven is due to the treachery of the very men who put it forth—when Mr. Cleveland had the courage to suggest it first.

Now, either there is wisdom and right in the call which Mr. Cleveland uttered to the people two years ago; and, in response to which they sent these men to represent them in Congress, or the stand he took was not right and wise, and the proposition which he put before the people was a false one. If the latter is the case, let it be put to the test and proven or disproven. The other side has had the opportunity of putting its case to the test. Why should not the Democracy which he represented in 1892, and which he represents to-day, have the same right? And if the Democratic party can not furnish leaders who will try a case of this vast importance fairly and squarely before the whole people, why should we longer look to the Democratic party as the only champion of the people in a cause which involves the people's daily and yearly welfare. If neither Republican nor Democrat, Populist nor Prohibitionist will serve the people where they most need help, why should the over-taxed thousands who want better times and better government trouble themselves about names that have long outworn their significance? The people said at the last election that they believed that Tariff Reform would help the country. They have been betrayed by the men whom they set to do the work of Tariff Reform. But that they, the people, have swerved or faltered or changed their minds because of that betrayal we do not for one instant believe. They mean to-day what they meant when they put Mr. Cleveland in the Presidential chair, and when they elected a Democratic Congress to carry out the policy which he had enunciated for the nation. And if not one of the now existing parties will carry out the will of the people in this matter, it shall in the end be carried out by a party that, being neither Republican, Democratic, Populist or Prohibitionist, will yet be the Party of the People.

WITH OBSERVANT EYE.



"I WOULD vote as I pray," insists she;
 And his mind reverts, at that,
 To a scene at the polls with the lady
 Studying some one's hat.

PRUDENT.

HOOKE.—Johnson married a rich girl, did n't he?
 CROOKE.—Yes; but I hear she holds on to the money.
 HOOKE.—Ah! Proposes to retain her charms?

AGAINST A "GREATER NEW YORK."

PRIMUS.—Jersey City ought to be a part of New York.
 SECUNDUS.—I don't think so.
 PRIMUS.—Does n't it contribute to make New York the metropolis it is?
 SECUNDUS.—Yes; but by contrast.

GOES TOO FAR.

As a rule, the man who boasts that he believes in always calling a spade a spade, occasionally calls things spades that are not spades.

VAN PELT.—I don't see how you can afford to sell that suit so much below cost?
 UNCLE GOLDSTEIN.—Don't tell anybody; but chust now I was dryin' to cut down brofits all I gan, so as to skaveeze out of der income tax.

MISSIONARY.—Here you 've been eating human flesh again! Have you forgotten all my precepts?

CANNIBAL.—Oh, no! I did n't tuck my napkin under my chin.



PREPARED FOR THE FUTURE.

IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR.—Have you made any arrangements for your support in the future?

IMMIGRANT (*emphatically*).—Oi hov thot! Phwat does yer t'ink Oi hov raised a crowd av childer loike thot fer?



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CURIOUS.

UNCLE TREETOP.—There is about the best laying hen I've got.
MISS BLEECKER.—How many eggs does she lay for a quarter?



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WHY HE DID N'T GET THE CASE.

LAWYER (to prospective CLIENT, who is making arrangements for a breach-of-promise suit).—And how much damages do you think of asking?

FAIR CLIENT.—He must pay me ten thousand dollars or marry me. He is very rich.

LAWYER (sizing her up).—Ten thousand! Pooh! Why, I'll wager he'll gladly pay twice that amount!

THE VERY THING.

FIRST SPECULATOR.—I don't know what we'll do with that tract of land back of Hog Mountain. It's too far from the city to make suburban homes; and it is so full of malaria and mosquitos that it could n't be farmed.

SECOND SPECULATOR.—We'll have to run up a hotel, then, and make a Summer resort of it.

A FLAW SOMEWHERE.

HE.—You refuse me?

SHE.—I do.

HE.—Do I look all right?

SHE.—Yes.

HE (decidedly).—It can't be possible. I'm going back to my rooms and discharge my man.

HIS DELICATE REPROOF.

"I don't care!" exclaimed the prehistoric woman; "if it is on crooked."

A shadow of pain flitted across the face of the prehistoric man.

"Dearest," he pleaded; "say not so. Thou knowest not—"

He gazed anxiously into her eyes.

"—but it may be the imprint of thy form that the archæologist will find upon the insensate rock.

With a new realization of the responsibilities of existence she turned again to her mirror.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

MRS. SCAIRD.—The marriage relation needs reform. Don't you think that both parties should have an equal voice in regulating their joint affairs?

MRS. GRAYMARE.—What! let my husband have as much of a say as I have? Not much!

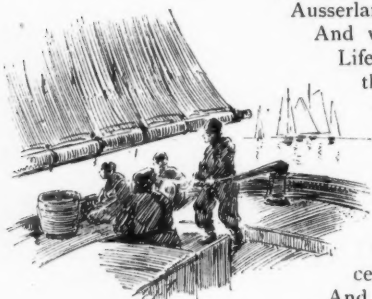


BY H. C. BUNNER.

VIII.

THE THIRD FIGURE IN THE COTILLION.

AROUND THE little island of Ausserland the fishing-smacks hover all through the season. They rarely go out of sight; or, indeed, stand far off shore, for life is easy in Ausserland, and the famous Ausserland herrings, which give the island its prosperity, are oftenest to be caught in the broad reaches of shallow water that surround the island. Beyond these reaches there are fish, too; but out there the waters are more turbulent. And why should a fisherman risk his life and his beautiful brown duck sails in treacherous seas, when he has his herring-pond at his own door-step, so to speak. And they have a saying in Ausserland that if you are drowned you may go to heaven; but certainly not to Ausserland.



And who would want to leave Ausserland?

Life is so easy there that it takes most of the inhabitants about ninety years to die — and even then you can hardly call it dying. Life's pendulum only slows down day by day, and swings through an arc that imperceptibly diminishes as the years go on, until at last, without surprise, without shock, almost without regret, so gradual is the process, you perceive that it has stopped.

And then the whole village, all in Sunday clothes, marches out to the little graveyard on the hill, and somebody's great birchen beer-mug is hung on the living-room wall in memory of one who ate and drank and slept, and who is no more. There are rooms in those old houses in Ausserland where the wooden mugs hang in a double row, and the oldest of them was last touched by living lips in days when the dragon-ships of the Vikings ploughed that Northern sea.

Ausserland is a principality, and a part of a mighty empire; but except that it has to pay its taxes, and in return is guaranteed immunity from foreign invasion, it might just as well be an independent kingdom; or, rather, an independent state, for it is governed by Burgesses, elected by the people to administer laws made hundreds of years ago, and still quite good and suitable. If a man steals his neighbor's goods, he is put in the pillory. But what should a man steal his neighbor's goods for when he has all the goods that he wants of his own? The last time the pillory was used was for a shipwrecked Spanish sailor who refused to go to church on the ground of a rooted prejudice against the Protestant religion. And it must have been a singularly comfortable pillory, for somehow or other he managed to carve his name on it during the hour in which he stood there — his name and the date of the event, and there they are to this day: "Miguel Diaz jul 6 1743." My own opinion is that they did not even let the top-piece down on him.

The men of Ausserland are not liable to conscription, and as no ships of war ever come to their odd corner of the sea, they know no more of the mighty struggles of their great empire than if they were half a world away. This is a part of the beautiful understanding which the Ausserlanders have established with their hereditary Prince and with the imperial government. The Prince lives at the court of the Emperor, and none of his line has seen Ausserland since his grandfather was there in the last century for a day's visit. Yet his relations with his subjects are of a permanently pleasant nature. They pay him his taxes, of which he hands over the lion's share to the government, keeping enough for himself to attire his plump person in beautiful uniforms and tight cavalry boots, and to cultivate the most beautiful port-wine nose in the whole court. The amount of the taxes has been settled long ago, and it is always exactly the same. The Ausserland fishermen are like a sort of deep-sea Dutchmen, independent, sturdy and shrewd. They know just how much they ought to pay; and they pay it, and not one soumarkee more or less. Ages ago the hereditary Princes discovered that if they put up the tax-rate, the herring fisheries promptly failed just in the necessary proportion to bring the assessment back to the old figure. When they lowered the rate the accommodating herring came back. It was a curious



if not pleasing freak of nature to which they had to accustom themselves, for it never would have done to leave the market open to any other supply of herrings than the famous herrings of Ausserland. So that question settled itself.

Twice a year the finest of the broad-breasted fishing smacks sailed for the distant mainland, bearing heavy cargoes of dried fish, and beautiful seashells such as were to be found nowhere else. Twice a year they came back, bringing cloths and calicos, always of the same quality, color and pattern, for the fashions never change in Ausserland. They brought also drugs and medicines, school-books and pipes, tools and household utensils of the finer sort, more delicate than the Ausserland ironsmiths could fashion; brandy and cordials and wine in casks great and small, and the few other articles of commerce for which they were dependent upon the outer world; for the Ausserlanders supplied their own needs for the most part, spun their own linen, tanned their own leather, built their own boats, and generally "did" for themselves, as they say in New England. Then it was, and then only, that the newspapers came to Ausserland — a six-months' collection of newspapers at each trip. And the Head Burgess read them for the whole town. The Head Burgess was always a man who had reached that period of thrift and prosperity at which it seemed futile to toil longer, and who was both willing and able to give his whole leisure to affairs of state. He it was who collected and forwarded the taxes, and who stood ready to punish offenders, should any one feel tempted to offend. The Head Burgess always grumbled a good deal, and talked much of the burdens of public life; but it was observant among even the unobservant Ausserlanders that the Head Burgess was usually the fattest man in town; and the post was much sought after because few Head Burgesses had been known to die under ninety-two or three years of age.



As a rule, the Head Burgess read slowly and with deliberation. Of a June afternoon, when the fishermen came in from their day's work, he would stroll leisurely down to the wharves, with his long pipe with the painted china bowl, and would give forth the news of the day to the fishermen.

"Three families," he would say, "were frozen to death in Hamburg." "Ah, indeed!" some courteous listener would respond; "and when was that?"

"In February last," the Head Burgess would reply; "it seems scandalous, does it not, that people should never learn to go in-doors and keep the fires lighted in Winter? Thank heaven, we have no such idiots here!"

For an Ausserlander can never understand what it means to be poor or needy. How can anybody want, he argues, while there are millions of herring in the sea, and they come along every year at just the same time?

In Spring, of course, the Head Burgess gave the Ausserlanders a budget of news that began with the preceding Summer. They listened to it politely, as they listened to the pastor's sermons. Outside of the market-reports they had little interest in the world which ate their herrings. Still, they were a polite and intelligent people, and they were willing for once in a way to lend a courteous and attentive ear to the doings and sayings of people who were not happy enough to live in Ausserland. Thus it happened that they knew, several months after it occurred, of the death of the reigning Emperor and the accession to the throne of his son. The news was received with just the least shade of disapproval. The preceding Emperor had come to the throne a sick man, and had reigned but a short time. His father had reigned about as long as an Emperor can possibly reign, and they felt that he had done what was expected of him. They hoped that their Emperors were not going to get into the habit of reigning for a few months and then dying. It was annoying, they thought, to have to learn new names every few years.

So it is not remarkable that the new Emperor had been several months on his throne before the good people of Ausserland learned that he was a very peculiar young man, with a character of his own, and with a passion,



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WORKS BOTH WAYS.

FARMER SQUASHLEY.—It's a big disadvantage, bein' so fur from the station. I know folks don't like to ride six hours in a wagon.
NEW BOARDER.—That's so! It keeps them from taking the next train back.

A WAY TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS.

MIKE.—Sure, toimes is moighty har-r-ud! There's bin no wur-r-uk at the mill for a mont'.
PAT.—Why don't yez go on shtrike?

ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT.

MERRITT.—Well, I've seen a great many crazy-quilts; but never one to equal this. What in the world is it made of, for gracious sake?
COBWIGGER.—My old neckties.
MERRITT.—Nonsense! You can't make me believe that.
COBWIGGER.—Oh! I meant old neckties that my wife bought me.

A SUGGESTION.

MRS. BROWN.—Since they have become engaged they just sit in the parlor and not a word passes between them.
BROWN.—Perhaps there is no room for it to do so.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

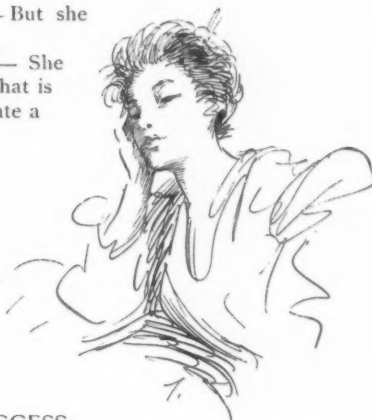
WILLIAM GOAT.—I fear poor Nanny is going into a decline.

BILLY THE KID.—But she keeps fat all the time.

WILLIAM GOAT.—She looks fat, I know; but that is only the hoop-skirt she ate a year ago.

CALLED DOWN.

"I love you—I—a college boy!"
With rosy flush and dimple,
The sweet lips answered, "so it seems—
A *fresh-man*, pure and simple!"



WITH GLITTERING SUCCESS.

POPPER (*testily*).—For heaven's sake! What's that baby howling for so?
MRS. POPPER.—I just spanked him to make him stop crying.

MAN MAY be partially known by the company he keeps; but not wholly so until said company has married him and summered and wintered with him.

A SAD MISCALCULATION.



VILLAINOUS LOOKING PARTY.—No one home but der old woman. I'll show you how to fix dat dog.



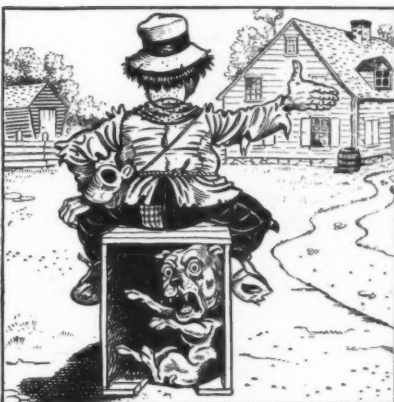
"Now, jess watch yer uncle!"



"What good is watch-dogs when men wid brains is around?"



"Well, what yer think of that? Now, I'll get somethin' to hold this down, while I go in and rob the house."



THE WATCH-DOG (*as he recovers himself*).—I wonder where that cyclone came from. Phew! I smell fresh meat!



"! — ! — ! — ! — ! — ! — !"

A MINIATURE.



HERE is her picture painted in
Life's Spring
Of blushing maidenhood so sweet
and coy;
Still the warm curves in breathing
beauty cling
Unto the face whose charm Time
can't destroy.

She's old to-day; the minia-
ture is more
Than stained and tarnished
through the flight of years;
But still the perfect beauty as
of yore,
Smiling and young, upon it
e'er appears.

So will she live forever with her wiles
And witcheries, while fleeting years
depart —
The miniature on which she softly
smiles
With all that old-time sweetness is
my heart.

R. K. Munkittrick.

ALL THE TIME ON HIS MIND.

DR. JASPAR. — I guess you find the medicine I gave you somewhat disagreeable.

MR. JUMPUPPE. — I should say I do! Why, it is so disagreeable I can't even forget to take it!



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MIDSUMMER DIVERSION.

OFFICE-BOY. — Dere 's two men out dere wants to see yer; — one of 'em 's a poet, and tother 'n' 's a deaf man.

EDITOR. — Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor!

LAUGHTER AKIN TO TEARS.

"They say that laughter is akin to tears — but how?"

"The attempt to produce it is so often pathetic."

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO THE DUKE.

CAWKER. — Young Goslin claims to be related to the British nobility.

CUMSO. — How does he figure it out?

CAWKER. — After Miss Scadds promised to be a sister to him she married the Duke of Mudbanks.

FAVORS ALL.

HUDSON. — Is she partial to men?

CLARE. — No. I should say she is impartial.



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A TIMELY WARNING.

UMPIRE (before the game). — I hab b'en requested to instruct de players to keep de ball on dis side ob de fence, as dah am a watah-melon patch nex' —

NO BIGOT.

"As a Methodist, I of course believe that the Methodists are right."

"And that we Episcopalians are wrong in everything?"

"Oh, no! I have no objection to Episcopalians outside the fact that they keep open on Sunday."

TWO HEADS WORSE THAN ONE.

SPENCER. — Did you know that Mussleigh is being tried for bigamy?

FERGUSON. — Good Gracious, no! Why, he married a museum freak a week or two ago; you don't mean to say he is married again?

SPENCER. — No; not exactly. You see, he married a two-headed albino girl, and one of them got jealous and had him arrested.



— doah!

GORMAN'S DEFENSE.



THE SPECTACLE of Arthur Pue Gorman charging Grover Cleveland with insincerity and duplicity is the best bit of comedy with which the present Congress has entertained us. To those knowing the reputations of these two men it was irresistibly funny. Even the Republican partisan, forced to present a front of solemn indignation, winked furtively and chuckled aloud to himself in dark places. What made it all the

funnier was that the President was accused of showing these failings in the cause of Tariff Reform. Had it been theosophy or vivisection or dress-reform or sanitary plumbing or rain-making, or anything upon which Mr. Cleveland has not clearly defined his views, the country might have listened to Mr. Gorman seriously. But it was plain Tariff Reform; and so, what the Maryland Senator meant to be a crushing attack upon the President became a weak and gloomy bluff. He doubtless began his speech under the delusion that he could carry this bluff through. He freely asserted that the President had given his warm approval to each of the Senate amendments to the Wilson Bill; but, under cover of this general assertion, he was forced to admit that the President had earnestly argued for free iron and free coal at every interview which any of the Senators had with him. This admission turned his beautiful speech into a limp and childish defense of his own position as an obstructionist and a champion of Trusts.

Knowing the pressing needs of the country, President Cleveland was justified in doing all he could to hasten the Senate bill to the Conference Committee. That, in his efforts to this end, he sacrificed, or even involved, one of the principles for which he so firmly stands, no fair-minded man believes. His letter to Chairman Wilson explicitly defines his position upon the Tariff question and his understanding of the great reform to which the Democratic party stands pledged. This letter is so absolutely in accord with all his previous utterances on the subject that Mr. Gorman's charges fall flat.

As a luminous apostle of Truth, Arthur Pue Gorman is a dismal failure. He might as well try to prove his own unselfish loyalty to Tariff Reform as to disprove that of Grover Cleveland. Either achievement is beyond him.

There is in the Senatorial muddle only one thing funnier than Senator Gorman's bluff, and that is the effort of D. B. Hill to pose as a guileless and pure-minded champion of Tariff Reform, with his eyes blinded by the glamor of the White House.

INJUSTICE.

U. S. SENATOR.—People misunderstand us. I voted for lower duties on corn and wheat and vegetables, and lots of other things, and yet I get no credit for being a tariff reformer.

FRIEND.—It is hard luck.

SENATOR.—Even on coal and iron and sugar, I did the best I could to get the Trusts to reduce their demands.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

WIFE.—You seem worried.

GREAT EDITOR.—Another great strike has commenced, and I don't know what to do.

"Nothing could be simpler. Just say that the solution of all such problems can be found in arbitration. That's the course you always take."

"Y-e-s; but this is a printers' strike."

BY THE sunshine of prosperity many people are sunstruck.

IF MATCHES are made in heaven, let us hope some of our pugilists will get there, and soon. They seem unable to make them here.



THE PULL IS BEHIND THEM.



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A CREATURE OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.—There is one character in your play that is simply absurd.

THE AUTHOR.—Which one?

THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.—The old servant who has been with the family twenty years.

IN THE COUNTRY.

"Isn't it funny, Mama," said little Tommy the other night, "that the wind does n't blow the fire flies out?"

MIGHT INVESTIGATE.

FIRST SHARK.—Why do you watch that girl in the red suit so narrowly?

SECOND SHARK.—Oh, nothing! Only I heard a fellow tell her she was nice enough to eat, and I thought I might as well keep an eye on her.

THE EFFECT OF EDUCATION.

FIRST DEMOCRAT.—We ought to abolish this system of police protection altogether!

SECOND DEMOCRAT.—Is n't that too radical? Of course, I'm against high protection; but suppose we could get the police to be satisfied with a moderate and reasonable amount of protection?



NO FUNDS.

JERSEY BELLE.—Are you going to Europe this season?

DELAWARE BELLE.—We can't afford to. Our peach crop did n't fail last year.

THE CRY OF THE LOST.

FIRST WORKMAN.—What makes you so sure we have lost the strike?

SECOND WORKMAN.—The Walking Delegate said this morning that we would "fight it out to the bitter end."





that almost amounted to a mania, for re-establishing an ancient order of things that had well-nigh perished from the face of the earth. Nor is it to be wondered at that, considering all news of the court as frivolous and probably fictitious, they were utterly ignorant of a controversy that had divided the whole social system of the empire into two camps. Who could expect that in the cosy, well-furnished rooms of the weather-beaten old houses of Ausserland it should be known that there was a vast commotion in the Imperial court over the new cotillion introduced by the new Lord Chamberlain? It was a charming cotillion, all agreed; the music was ravishing, and the figures were exquisitely original; but the third figure—



ah, there was the trouble! — the third figure had not met with the approval of the matrons. The young girls and the very young married women all liked it; and the men were as a unit in its favor; but the more elderly ladies thought that it was indelicate, and that it afforded opportunities for objectionable familiarities. A hot war was waged between the two parties. The Emperor, of course, was arbiter. He hesitated long. He was a very young man, and he took himself very much in earnest. To him a matter of court punctilio had an importance scarcely second to that of the fate of nations. As soon as objection was offered, he issued an edict proscribing the performance of the dance of dubious propriety until such time as he should have made up his imperial mind as to its character. For three months its fate trembled in the balance. Then he decided that it should be and continue to be; and he issued a formal proclamation to that effect — the first formal proclamation of his reign. It was an opportunity for the re-introduction of ancient and ancestral methods which the young Emperor could not lose. The edict had gone forth in haste by word of mouth and by notice in the daily papers; but he resolved that the proclamation should go by special envoy to all the principalities that composed his powerful empire. Accordingly, an officer of high rank, specially despatched from the court, read his Imperial Majesty's proclamation in every principality of the nation; and thereafter it was legitimate and proper to dance the third figure of the new Lord Chamberlain's cotillion on all occasions of lordly festivity, and all the elderly ladies accepted the situation with a cheerful submissiveness, and set about using it for scandal-mongering purposes with promptitude and alacrity.

Early one Midsummer morning a strange fishing-smack was sighted from the Ausserland wharves far out at sea, beating up against an obstinate wind, and coming from the direction of the mainland. This in itself was enough to cause general comment and to stir the whole village with a thrill of interest; for strange vessels rarely came that way, except under stress of storm; and though the sea was running unusually high there had been no storm in many days. Besides, why should a vessel obviously unfitted for that sort of sailing, beat up against a wind that would take her to the mainland in half the time? Yet there she was, making for the island in long, laborious tacks. Everybody stopped work to look at her; but work was suspended and utterly thrown aside when she hoisted a pennant that, according to the nautical code, signified that she had on board an Envoy from his Imperial Majesty.

The whole town was astir in a moment. The shops and schools closed. The village band began to practice as it had never practiced before. The burgesses and other officials donned their garments of state. A committee was promptly appointed to prepare a public banquet worthy

of the Emperor's messenger. The children were sent collecting flowers, and were instructed how to strew them in his path. The bell-ringers gathered and arranged an elaborate programme of chimes. The citizens got into their Sunday clothes, which were most wonderful clothes in their way; and the town-crier, who played the trumpet, got his instrument out and polished it up until it shone like gold. But the man who felt most of the burden of responsibility upon his shoulders was the Head Burgess. He got into his robes of office as quickly as his wife and his three daughters could array him, and then he hastened to the Rathaus, or Town Hall, and there consulted the archives to find out from the records of his predecessors what it became him to do when his Majesty's Envoy should announce his errand. He must make a speech, that was clear, for the honor of the Island. But what speech should he make? He could not compose one on the instant — in fact, he could not compose one at all. What had his forerunners done on like occasions? He looked over the record and found that three King's Envoys had landed on the Island: one in 1699, to announce that the Island had been ceded by one kingdom to another; another in 1764, to inform the people that the great-grandmother of the hereditary Prince was dead; and another in 1848, to proclaim that the Islanders' right of exemption from conscription was suspended. In not one of these cases, it should be remarked, did the message of King, Prince or Emperor change the face of affairs on the Island in the smallest degree. The herring market remaining stable, the Ausserlanders cared no whit to whom they paid taxes; as to the death of the Prince's great-grandmother, they simply remarked that it was a pity to die at the early age of eighty-seven; and when they were told that they would have to get up a draft and be conscripted into the army or navy, they just went fishing, and there the matter dropped. One is not an Ausserlander for nothing.

But the Head Burgess found that the same speech had been used on all three occasions. It was short, and he had little difficulty in committing it to memory, for it took the ship of his Majesty's Envoy six good hours to get into port. This was the speech:

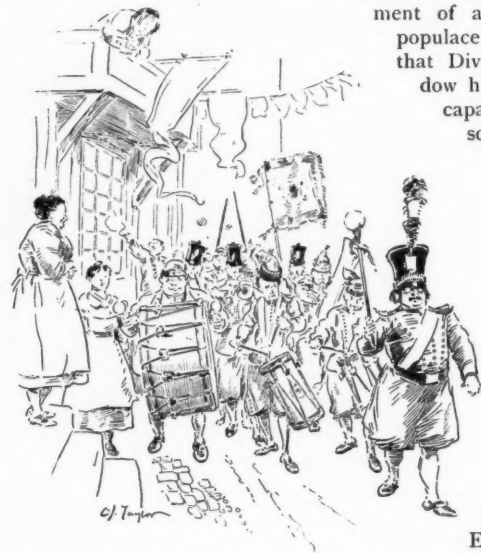
"Noble and Honorable, Well and High-Born Sir, the people of Ausserland desire through their representative, the Head Burgess, to affirm their unwavering loyalty to the most illustrious and high-born personage who condescends to assume the government of a loyal and independent populace, and to express the hope that Divine Providence may endow him with such power and capacity as properly befit a so-situated ruler."

So heartily did the whole population throw itself into the work of preparing to receive the distinguished visitor, that everything had been in readiness a full hour, when, in the early afternoon, the fishing-smack finally made her landing. During this long hour, the whole town watched the struggles of the little boat with the baffling wind and waves.

Everybody was in a state of delighted expectancy. An

Emperor's Envoy does not call on one every day, and his coming offered an excuse for merry-making such as the prosperous and easy-going people of Ausserland were only too willing to seize.

(Concluded in our next.)



A TWELVE TO ONE SHOT.

MR. WOGGLEBAUM. — Dere vas no discrimination at Coney Islandt. Dot bathing-house keeper toldt me he vould radder haf a dozen Hebrews go in den von Irishman.

MRS. WOGGLEBAUM. — How vas dot?

MR. WOGGLEBAUM. — I asked him dot, undt he toldt me, because it vas twelf times as much money.



NOTHING LACKING.

CITIZEN.—Great place, this town of ours, ain't it? Travelers all seem to like it.

VISITOR (*enthusiastically*).—I should say so! Why, you've got eighteen lines of railroad that a man can get away from it on!

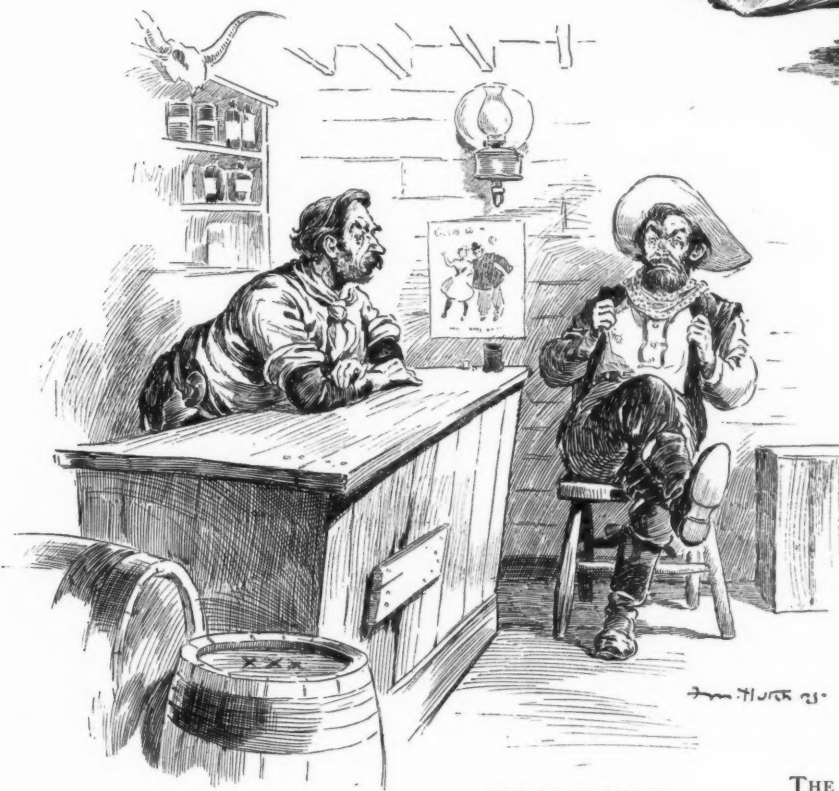
WHERE THE COST COMES IN.

FRIEND.—Is yachting an expensive amusement?

MISS DE STYLE.—Awfully!

"I should not think those little sailboats would cost very much."

"Oh, the boats are cheap enough! It's the clothes!"



A PROBABLE GONER.

HANK BITTERS.—Goin' to Polecat Pete's funeral to-morrow, Ike?

ALKALI IKE.—His funeral? Why, thunder! Pete hain't dead yet!

"No; but Doctor Slade says he'll die before mornin'."

"Wal, then, I reckon poor Pete's a goner; for the doctor prob'ly knows what he give him."

DREAMS.

Oh, blessed sleep! Last night I dreamed
Proud Phyllis sat by me;
Her eyes on mine in rapture beamed,
Her lips brought ecstasy.

Then soul to soul, and hand in hand,
All earthly cares above, —
We wandered through a blissful land,
And spoke of deathless love.

Awake, in vain to her I kneel,
She scorns my love supreme; —
Oh, that my happy dreams were real,
Or life were all a dream!

Milton Goldsmith.

A HARLEM IDYL.

She lived in a flat.

She was tired out with house-cleaning; but, when the postman rang the bell, she left everything and ran down three flights of stairs to open the letter-box. Inside she found a paper circular, "How to Beautify Your Lawn!"

A PROBLEM.

SMITH.—Twister, the base-ball pitcher, is practicing a new curve.

ROBINSON.—What is the idea?

SMITH.—The idea is to throw to second base in such a way as to hit the umpire.



AT A BARGAIN.

MOTHER.—I gave you ten cents to be good yesterday, and to-day you are just trying to show how bad you can be.

WILLY.—Yes; but I'm just trying to show you to-day that you got the worth of your money yesterday.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

MRS. PAVING-STONE.—I have never lived in a warm climate. How does it feel to be in a house during an earthquake?

FOREIGN GUEST.—It's terrible! It's just like being in a New York flat when a heavy wagon drives past.

HEART WHOLE.

The Summer Girl from day to day
Acts cheerily her part;
Though she is very oft engaged
She never loses heart.

THE BOSTON girl speaks of the ball-player as being stricken out.

CRUMMER.—After all, policemen lead an aimless sort of life.

GILLELAND.—Yes; but you don't fully realize it till you see one trying to shoot a dog.



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 Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
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DEAFNESS and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf while all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Louisville, Ky.** Mention Puck.

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BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH.
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RIDE A TRIBUNE. "THAT'S THE WHEEL"
 WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND AGENCY.
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GUEST.—I would like to be called at five o'clock to-morrow morning.
 HOTEL CLERK.—Going out on an early train?
 GUEST.—No; I have a button to sew on my vest, and the needle is n't threaded yet.—*Raymond's Monthly.*

EVERY bride and groom should have their pictures taken together. It affords such sport for their grandchildren.—*Atchison Globe.*

SOME women can't pass a millinery store without looking in. Some men can't pass a saloon without going in.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE seventeen-year locusts have brought with them what very much resembles a college yell.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONE of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.—*Ram's Horn.*

FEW husbands and wives are so affectionate and trusting that they say "our money."—*Atchison Globe.*

Laughing Babies
 are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

If a girl is homely, it is safe to assert that she is a great deal of help to her mother.—*Atchison Globe.*

It may be that the woman who gave the two mites never had very much to say in the church.—*Ram's Horn.*

WHEN the devil wants to do an extra good day's work he puts on a coat and hat.—*Ram's Horn.*

Tigoral gives strength!
 Served at all Fountains and Buffets.
 Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.
Armour & Company, Chicago.



THE PATH OF DUTY.

COUNTRY PASTOR.—You have no idea how hard it is for me to perform my duties here.
 VISITING BISHOP.—What are some of your difficulties?
 COUNTRY PASTOR.—Take this week, for instance. Just as the piece of swamp they allow me for a garden got dry enough to make my potatoes thrive, the congregation requested me to pray for rain.

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

BOKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

PLENTY OF SLEEVE.

HUSBAND.—My dear, don't you think that dress a—er—trifle immodest?
 WIFE.—Immodest? Goodness me! Just look at the sleeves!—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Flavor all your cold Drinks with ten to fifteen drops of **Angostura Bitters**, to keep free from Summer diseases and all sorts of indigestion.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

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 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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CORA.—I see Miss Fussanfeather is riding a bicycle.

CLARA.—Yes; she has tried every other way to catch a man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LITTLE BOY.—Did you ever see a comet?
LITTLE GIRL.—No.
"Neither did I. I don't b'lieve there is comets."
"You ought to be ashamed to talk that way. You'll be sayin' you don't b'lieve in ghosts next."
—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A WOMAN never gets along with the driver of a milk wagon more than three months.—*Atchison Globe.*

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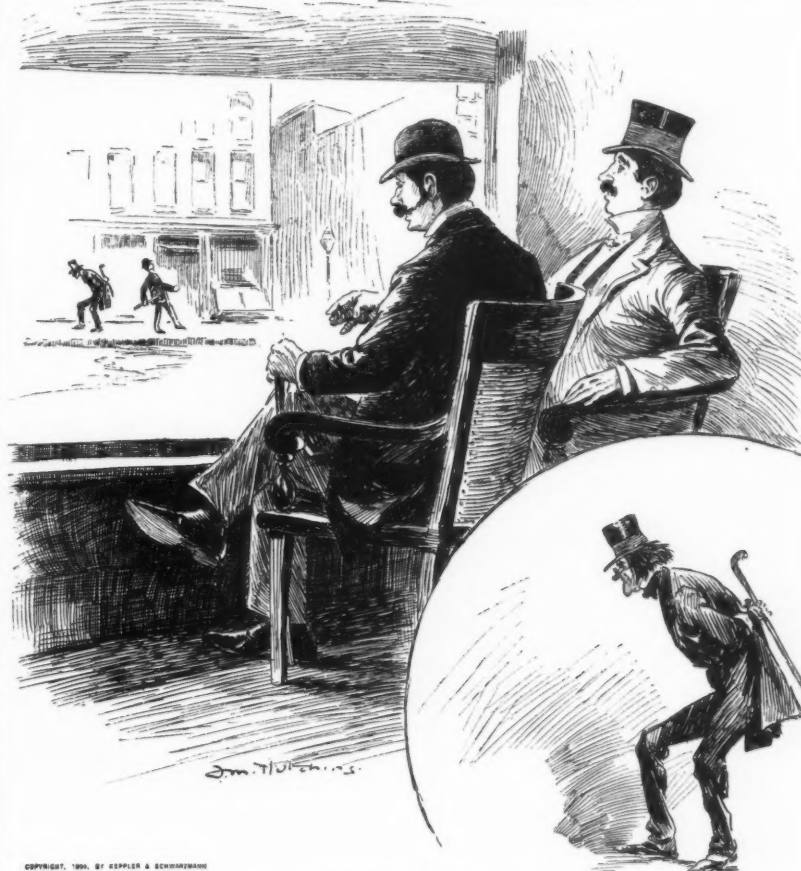
BUSINESS MAN.—Here is a quarter for you to go to the variety theatre.

OFFICE BOY.—Thankee, sir! Anything I can do for you?

BUSINESS MAN.—Yes. Learn a new song. I am a little tired of the old ones.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

SELF-LOVE sends out no missionaries.—*Ram's Horn.*



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BAKER.—Just see the difference! Look at that brainless dude going along with his gaze fixed on the heavens, and then notice how Professor Diggins walks with stooping shoulders and bended head. One is thinking of nothing, and the other is probably solving some intricate mathematical problem.

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SHORT.—No, indeed; I can play a banjo.—*Truth.*

THE devil runs when he can't find anything to hide behind.
—*Ram's Horn.*

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Everything new! Everything new!
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5TH CROP, for you!
Full of giggles and roars and smiles,
With little snickers chucked in 'tween whites;

And not a giggle, a smile or a roar
That you met in One, Two, Three or Four.
Every Crop in itself is a host,
And we can not quite tell which you'll like the most—

But of all these Budgets of mirth and jest,
The latest, we think, is a little the best.
And so out your little round QUARTER you chuck,
And cavort away with your PICKINGS FROM PUCK!

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5th Crop, is for sale by all Newsdealers at 25 cents.

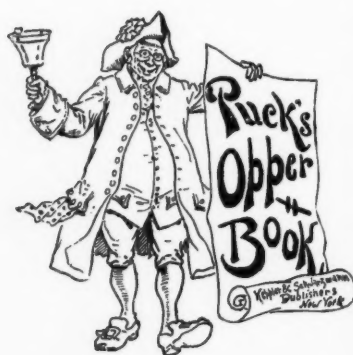
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Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Number Four,
A volume to make you feel happy and roar.
There are sixty-four pages, all blooming with fun,
And the cuts are the finest that PUCK's ever done.

Oh, this is a PICKINGS brand-new! As you'll see
It contains not a thing that's in "One," "Two" or "Three."
It's as bright as the dew on the creamy tea-rose,
And as fresh as an infant's uncolicked repose.
If your mind is depressed, and your feelings are blue,

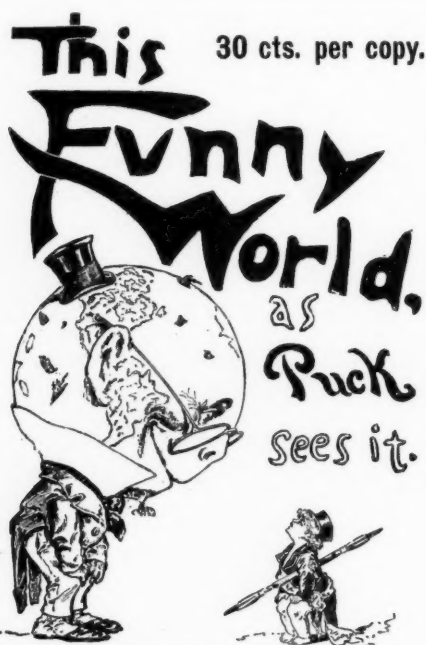
And you feel as worn-out as an old broken shoe,
Why, here's the collection of jokes and cuts that
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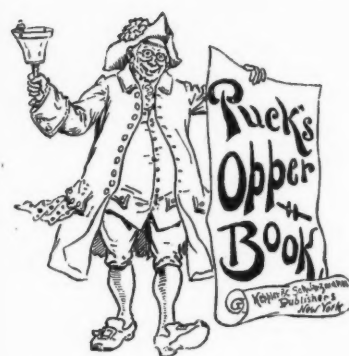
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CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES.

MR. WINTERWHEAT taking in the sights of the city. — Mary, it's all very well ter New York ter want ter have, and ter have, ever'thing bigger 'n ever'body else, but I'd like ter see the child could play with a doll as big as that.

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TORTURING
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It does not necessarily follow when a man has his picture taken with a guitar, that he can play.—Atchison Globe.

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IT IS CORRECT.

Opens in front with Patent Perrin Buttons, has pockets and buttonhole for watch-chain. A practical Summer vest.
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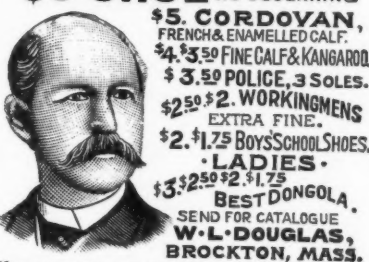
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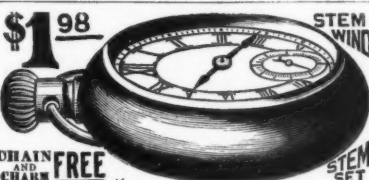
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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination. You examine it and if you consider it a bargain pay the express agent our sample price, \$1.98, and it is yours. Fine gold plate chain and charm FREE with each watch, also our written guarantee for 5 years. Write today, this may not appear again.

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THE SUMMER GIRL.

She gazes far across the lake;
Sun-shielded by her dainty hand
She sees the wavelets as they make
Long ridges in the yellow sand.

The skies are bright, the clouds are white,
Yet far and near she'll scan,
Still longing, eager for the sight
Of some detested man.

Dainty Darlings:
daily use,
To counteract distressing blues,
Bromo-Seltzer.

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PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

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PUCK.



SATE A maiden pale beside the way which led to Hampton towne,
And wept she so if seemeth though her beauteous eyes would drown—
For she sobbed in miserie.



Thence rode two knights of noble mein, the piteous sight did see;
"What, ho!" quoth one; "here 's wrong been done—else man, why weepeth she?"
And he gazed in sympathie.



"Now by my sword," the other saith; "here honor may be won,
For this laidle fair wi' nut brown hair a tilt, sir, will I run."
And they fought ferociousle.



"Not wounded honor," quoth the maid, "hath caused my tears to fall;
T was loss of Mogg, my blithesome dog, who comes not at my call."
And she sighed right dolefullv

"Slain is the good knight, Edmund, maid," saith victor, bowing low;
His plight be sore, but let no more, I pray, thy tear-drops flow "
And he spake full tenderly.



F. Oppen

The knight did looke reprovingle on corse low-lying there,
An' straightway swore, would fight no more for dame, be none so faire.
And rode dejectedly.

